

Next Production

December 7th

A True Re-enactment of Pearl Harbour

3

Scholarships  
Under-funded

3&4

Arts  
and  
Review

11 & 12

Sports

The Royal Riot

Staff Meetings

Every Wednesday

4:00 O'clock

Be There You Buttheads

# the Other Press

douglas college's autonomous student newspaper - since 1976

Canadian  
University  
Press

Volume 15 Number 8

you dictate, we type

November 27, 1992 FREE

## New Harrassment Policy Praised

by Angela Chiotakos

Douglas College is taking a hard stand on sexual and personal harassment.

The college's new Sexual and Personal Harassment Policy, adopted in May of this year, is geared to stop harassment in the college through education.

"It's a policy that stresses prevention," stated Gillies Malnarich, Faculty of Professional Development Consultant at the college.

"Another thing which is quite unique is the educational aspect. This proactive aspect is very unusual," said Malnarich.

The policy is a change from conventional harassment policies where education is not dealt with.

"Very few colleges have education built into their policy," said Mia Gordon, Acting Dean of Educational and Student Services Division at Douglas.

Douglas' harassment policy is a result of careful analysis of other college policies and learning from their mistakes.

"We examined policies from other colleges and we did some consultations with those colleges to see what problems they had experienced," said Gordon.

"We have one of the best policies in Canada," said Malnarich. "We saw what worked and what didn't. This [Douglas College's] policy anticipated these problems."

The education aspect of the policy consists mainly of seminars where people learn through discussion and sharing experiences. This too, is a break from traditional harassment policies.

"The reaction of other colleges is to hire a sexual harassment advisor on a contract basis to take care of the problem," stated Gordon.

"Instead of having one person who becomes an 'expert' on the policy, the idea is to include as many people in the process of education. So everyone is a learner and a teacher," said Malnarich.

Seminars spark discussion amongst the participants and the hope is that they will pass on their information to friends and colleagues.

"The education is done as people training people, instead of bringing in a lecturer," said Peter Sanderson, Director of the Personnel Department, and responsible for the distribution of the policy throughout the college.

On December 4th, five hours of seminars will be held on the policy and issues relating to sexual and personal harassment.

The seminars will run from 10 am to 3pm and are open to all students, faculty and staff, in conjunction with a Red Rose and White Ribbon Ceremony held in the concourse at noon to remember the Montreal Massacre.

The seminars will cover everything from understanding what is sexual and personal harassment to learning assertiveness.

"Speaking up is really important," stated Malnarich. "We have to learn to speak up when things make us uncomfortable."

"People also need to scrutinize their conduct. All of us are learners and teachers, so there needs to be a frank exchange of perceptions," added Malnarich.

Eliminating harassment on the basis of sexual orientation has recently been added to the policy.

"It should have been included in the first place. But it was just added in keeping up with the changes of the B.C. Human Rights Act," added Malnarich.

Pamphlets on the policy can be

found throughout the college. The actual policy can be picked up from the Harassment Advisors, Student Services, Security, the Student Society, switchboard, and the Personnel Department.

Anyone interested in attending

any of the seminars, please contact any of the Harassment Advisors at Student Services or Gillies Malnarich at the DVST Department or call 527-5411.

Women interested in helping with the Red Rose Ceremony, please

contact Liz Wilson at the Wimmings Center or call 527-5148.

Men interested in wearing a white ribbon or participating in the White Ribbon Campaign, please contact Mordica Briemberg at EASL or call 527-5408.

## DCSS Treasurer Arbitrarily Signs Contract

by Christopher Mac Laren

Julian Smit, DCSS Treasurer violated two DCSS bylaws by signing a contract with an American based corporation and failing to inform and receive approval from the DCSS Representative Committee.

The signatures of at least 2 signing officers is required for the execution of any legal document according to bylaw VII, section 1b).

Bylaw VIII, section 4c) states that the Treasurer "shall be responsible for keeping the Representative Committee informed of all issues which pertain to the finances of the Society."

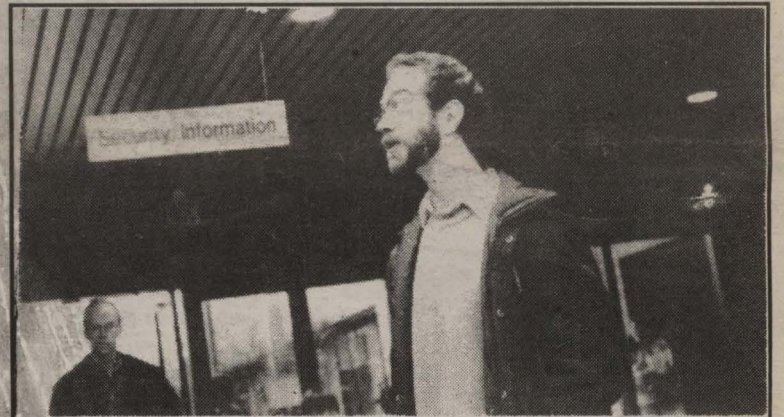
Charles Parker, V.P. Internal, said the D.C.S.S. does not recognize the agreement.

"The contract as far as we see it, I believe is not active. It was not recognized as a valid contract by the Rep Committee. Nobody knew about it, and there were no other signatures to follow up that it was valid," said Parker.

According to Jerome Bouvier, DCSS President, "nobody knew about it until it was brought up by upstairs..."

PrimeWest Incorporated, the American based company involved, believes the contract is still valid.

"The contract is valid as far as we're concerned," said Nancy



Ruhlman, Head of Sales and Advertising for PrimeWest.

Ruhlman also stated "All we want is to get it resolved to be able to place the board in a high traffic area of the school for the sake of the college, us, and our advertisers."

Bouvier proposed a "disciplinary committee", which was defeated, to resolve the issues regarding Julian Smit and said Smit has not been accountable for his actions.

"Julian, he votes it down and before, last week, he's been telling me he wasn't going to do nothing because it needed to be dealt with. He's a big son of a bitch," said Bouvier.

Janice Kurylowich, V.P. External commented, "Julian Smit was not acting in the best interest of

the students because he acted without letting the Society know of his dealings."

The contract, which was signed on May 8, 1992, is a ten year agreement to be renewed annually.

PrimeWest Incorporated agreed to give the DCSS a reader board in exchange for advertising rights on it.

The contract stated that PrimeWest would make a contribution to the DCSS scholarship fund.

"Commencing in the second year of the term...the Corporation shall order a contribution of \$25.00 per ad per year or \$500.00 for a full board to the scholarship fund of the Establishment [DCSS]."

Julian Smit was unavailable for comment.

## DCSS Disciplinary Vote Violates Bylaw

by Christopher MacLaren

A bylaw of the Douglas College Student Society, (DCSS), was apparently violated in last week's defeated vote to form a "Disciplinary Committee" against three of its executive members.

According to bylaw VII, section 7, "Members of the Representative Committee shall not vote on matters where a personal conflict of interest exists."

Jerome Bouvier, DCSS President, proposed the "Disciplinary Committee" to "...resolve the issues that are

perceived to have resulted from the actions of the V.P. Internal, Treasurer, and Speaker."

Charles Parker, V.P. Internal, Julian Smit, Treasurer, and Karm Sedhu, former Speaker, voted on Bouvier's motion which was subsequently defeated 4-3.

Charles Parker admits he wasn't aware of the bylaw at the time.

"I noticed afterwards. The policies are kind of hard to follow," said Parker.

Parker also stated that it is the responsibility of the Speaker to know the bylaws and interpret them

accordingly.

"It's the duty of the Chairperson at the time. That person is responsible to know ...and interpret that," said Parker.

The Chairperson at the time of

## Street Kids Left Out in Cold...Again

by Mark S. Foster

Granville Mall merchants met with police November 17th to discuss their "street kid problem." But there was a problem, none of the "problem kids" were allowed to attend and speak for themselves,

the motion, Karen Wylde, University Transfer Representative, was unavailable for comment.

Janice Kurylowich, V.P. External commented, "Obviously by the outcome of the vote nobody was

according to Province writer John Birmingham.

Worried about destitute people sporting pee stains down their pants, Carol Basaraba, manager of Kelly's said, "I'm not going to let those people come into my store," according to the Province.

aware of the bylaw. Otherwise, it would have been questioned."

Jerome Bouvier refused any further interviews.

Julian Smit and Karm Sedhu were unavailable for comment.

Her attitude is similar to many Granville Mall merchants who fear the street kids are bad for business.

The kids felt slighted by being left out of the meeting.

Seventeen year old Rick said, "They are meeting about what to do with us. So we have no say in our future."



Other Classifieds

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**Cot For Sale** Excl condition, almost new. Moving must sell! \$50 Call 251 - 4246

**Public Service Announcement** Ways to identify and assess the value of Canadian antiques are explored in a workshop called **Canadiana** offered on November 28 at Douglas College's Lincoln Centre campus in Coquitlam. Call 527 - 5477 for more information.

**BURNABY VOLUNTEER CENTRE** needs the following volunteers:  
**X - Mas Event:** Volunteers with holiday spirit are needed to take pictures of kids with Santa. Others are needed to help prepare a pancake breakfast. Dec. 13  
**Clinic:** A pre-admission clinic needs volunteers Mon/Tues./Thurs afternoons to greet and direct out - patients. Orientation Nov. 24, Training Dec. 2.  
**Drivers:** Defensive drivers with a class 4 license are needed to drive deaf children to and from school. Sign language is an

asset but not necessary. Weekdays  
**Music:** A rec. centre is seeking a music loving volunteer to help conduct a basic class on music for special needs teens/adults. Training provided. Mon. eve  
**Secretary:** A volunteer recording secretary is needed to keep minutes at a research foundation's monthly meetings. on Wed. evening/month  
**Interviewer:** A volunteer is needed to conduct interviews with people looking for volunteer jobs. Great work experience! Tues./Thurs. afternoons.  
**ESL:** Volunteers who love children are needed to assist teachers in a South Vancouver ESL pre-school program. Weekday shifts  
**Sign Language:** A friendly volunteer with knowledge of sign language is being sought to teach an adult woman who has become deaf. 1 hr/week.  
**Social Night:** Enthusiastic volunteers are needed to assist with a weekly social night for teens and young adults with special needs. Fridays 7:00 - 9:30 pm.  
**Christmas:** Help bring some X - mas cheer to others! Assist senior residents as they enjoy a Christmas light tour about town. Wed. Dec. 9 6:30 - 9:00pm.  
**Translators:** Volunteers with the ability to speak/write fluent English and Spanish, Vietnamese or any Chinese dialect are needed as

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• business rates: \$1 per line, 3 line minimum, first 3 words bolded for **FREE**, extra words 25¢ each.

• student rates: **FREE**. You cannot claim student rates if you are a student advertising on behalf of a business. First three words bolded, additional bolding **FREE**.

• the Other Press reserves the right to withhold advertisements the collective deems to be sexist, racist, homophobic, or in poor taste. The collective is the final arbiter of disputes.

• we also have a wide range of display advertising at affordable rates. If you're interested, call Phillip at 525-3542.

• all classifieds are due on the **Friday** before our next publication. If you aren't sure, drop by **Room 1020** or call 525-3542 for further publication details.

translators/interceptors.  
**Outdoors:** Energetic volunteers are needed to introduce visiting school groups to nature in an outdoor education program. Training provided. 3hrs/week. For more information please call 294 - 5533

The Douglas College Coral

the Other Press  
douglas college's autonomous student newspaper - since 1976  
CLASSIFIEDS FORM

VERIFICATION INFORMATION

Student Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
Student #: \_\_\_\_\_  
Telephone: \_\_\_\_\_

**Society** celebrates the 200th anniversary of Gioacchino Rossini's birth by performing *La Petite Messe Solennelle* on December 5 and 6 at 8pm in the Performing Arts Theatre at Douglas College. Call 527 - 5488 for reservations.

**The Douglas College Theatre Department** presents *Nurse Jane Goes to Hawaii* December 4 - 6 and 8 - 12 at 8pm. On December 6 at 2pm there is a two for one matinee. Studio Theatre (Room 4140) in the New Westminster campus. Call 527 - 5488 for reservations.

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YA HEAR?



## Other News

# DC Scholarships Underfunded-Let's Do Some Math

by Karen Rempel

Scholarships were granted to 22 continuing (returning) students at the fall awards ceremony on November 16. Is this a reasonable number of scholarships for a student body of 8,098? Let's do some math and find out.

The Douglas College Foundation grants scholarships in recognition of high academic achievement (on the basis of grades). Students must also meet requirements specific to individual awards, such as community service, entrepreneurial achievement, or registration in a particular program.

The awards were given to students in a broad range of programs, including Music, Psychiatric Nursing, Computing Science, Business, and Arts.

Students must have a minimum G.P.A. of 3.5 to apply for the scholarships. Over 130 students who met this standard applied for scholarships this fall. With 130 students competing for only 22 awards, many of the students who received awards had a G.P.A. of over 4.0. Fine work, recipients. Congratulations.

But what about the other 100 students who have achieved superior academic standing? No awards for them.

The total money awarded in scholarships to continuing students was \$8,765. In the fall of 1991, 30 scholarships were given to continuing students, totalling \$11,780. In both years the average scholarship awarded was about \$400—not even enough to cover tuition. Student Finance and Placement Officer Patti

Lewis said the decrease in award money for fall 1992 is due to declining interest rates.

Two awards could not be given out because no students met the requirements: one was a new award for a student in the Construction Management Program, with a minimum G.P.A. of 3.75; the other was for a student who had achieved first-class standing in English 101 and another 100-level English course, and who was currently enrolled in one or more second-year literature courses.

This fall Douglas College has the highest enrolment ever: 8,098 students, of whom 3,327 are full-time. This works out to \$1.08 in scholarship money available to each student at Douglas. Or, if you want to be generous, \$2.63 for each full-time student.

What conclusions can be drawn from all this math? Clearly, the number of students who apply and meet the requirements for scholarships far outweighs the actual funding available. Douglas College needs more scholarship money.

What can Douglas College students do about it? Well, you can write to your M.P. or M.L.A., and request that the government increase its spending on higher education. You can also talk to your employer and see if your company would be willing to donate money to set up a scholarship fund. Or, you can transfer to S.F.U.—students there don't have to pay tuition if they have a cumulative G.P.A. of 3.6 and a G.P.A. of 3.5 for the previous semester.

## Fall 1992 Scholarship Recipients

Kim Boyes  
Jennifer Brisebois  
Frankie Chia



Lynda George  
Beverley Goodhead  
Robert Hucul  
Elisha Iggulden  
Shelley Jadot  
Ann Kamlah  
Tracy Lukaniuk  
Suzanne MacKinnon  
Ruth Mahoney  
Staci-Lynn McDonald  
Lynn Nickerson  
Janet Nitta  
Annice O'Rourke  
Joanne Peppard  
John Rahn  
Colleen Sherrieff

Kevin Stock  
Celieste Tsuyuki  
Alice Yuen  
Fall 1992 Entrance Scholarship  
Recipients  
Bilvinder Ahira  
Heather Bewes

Elena Beynon  
Maureen Crawford  
Daniel Farmer  
Wendy Martin  
Rupinder Sangha  
Sandra Sauer  
Erin Shires

## Lost and Found Charity Bound

by Christopher MacLaren

Security reports that the Douglas College Lost and Found is literally overflowing with items. Students who may have lost belongings to please check at the Security Office on the 2nd floor.

Students are also reminded that all belongings not claimed within 6 months are donated to charity, so you better hurry.

Among the misplaced items are: textbooks, notebooks, wallets, calculators and other important school-related items.

Congratulations to Oliver Buchmann, ex-Site Supervisor who was promoted last week to Head Office.

Congratulations also to Robert Boers, who has been promoted to new Site Supervisor.

## Lost and Found

### Found:

Passports, Notebooks, Calculators, Wallets, Sink (presumably kitchen), Miscellaneous Auto parts, Watches, Grandfather clock, Book bags, Car Keys, Microfilm, Computer Disks, Computers-personal, Computers-Mainframe and much, much more. See Security.

### Lost:

Space to put all this junk. See Security.

## It's not easy

to find the good jobs or the college program that really suits your needs. Douglas College has a number of unique programs that you may not know about - programs you won't find anywhere else in BC.

### Financial Services Studies

Relationship Banking is the hottest new trend in the Canadian financial sector. This program has been developed in co-operation with the Institute of Canadian Bankers to ensure that you have the skills banks and other financial institutions are looking for. Call 527-5444 for more information.

### Health Information Services

The demand for professionals trained in health record administration is growing rapidly in BC. As a graduate of this program, you'll have the skills employers demand in health record, computer and other technical systems, data collection, analysis and presentation, and research. Graduates of this program have an average starting salary of over \$28,000 per year. Call 527-5462 for more information.

### Stagecraft

Stagecraft blends classroom instruction with real-life, hands-on training to give you the technical skills of set design, lighting, audio, rigging and scene painting to start a career in TV, film and theatre. Call 527-5280 for more information.

### Psychiatric Nursing

In BC, there's a continuing shortage of Psychiatric Nurses. If you care about people, have good communication skills, and want to make a difference in people's lives, the Psychiatric Nursing program is for you. Graduates of this program have an average starting salary of over \$30,000 per year. Call 527-5027 for more information.

These are just some of the exciting programs you'll find only at Douglas College. Call 527-5478 today to find out how to apply for the Winter semester beginning in January 1993. Spaces are limited.

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and say "Ahhh!"

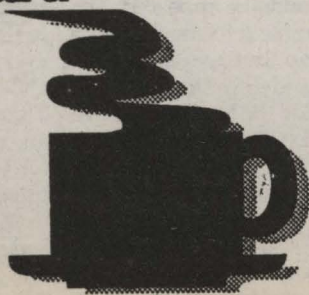
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# Screaming Trees: From Musty Garages to Sweet Oblivion

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**COMMODORE**  
DOORS 8:30PM

"Reassuring... very nice" - These are the words Barnet Martin, drummer for the Screaming Trees, uses to describe their recent success with the *Singles* movie soundtrack. To hear him tell it the Trees got the gig by "lucking out". His understatement is remarkable.

Interview with Barnet Martin by Angus Adair

Truth be told, when Cameron Crowe listened to an advance copy of their latest album, *Sweet Oblivion*, he stopped the presses. He remastered the entire film and soundtrack to incorporate the song, *Nearly Lost You*.

One million six hundred thousand copies of the soundtrack later, it is clear that the days of practicing in the back of their parents video store because they had nothing better to do than start a band, are gone: and they still haven't released the good stuff.

When I spoke to Barnet Martin he told me that the next video and single forthcoming from *Sweet*

*Oblivion*, produced by Don Fleming, will be *Dollar Bill* which he thinks is the best song on the record. Martin had nothing but praise for Fleming who in he credited with ensuring that the band "didn't get bogged down" during the production of the album.

Chris Cornell, of *Soundgarden*, co-produced their last album, *Uncle Anesthesia* and is currently working with his own band on another release.

I spoke to Martin recently. I was on one end of the phone in the office of the Other Press and Martin was "somewhere in Virginia." He was "recovering" from the previous night's fun. The next night they were heading for Norfolk VA in their current "stutter-step" world tour. Amazing as it seems, The Screaming Trees have gone from playing the Town Pump in 1991 to a world tour in 1992.

They are touring with Alice in Chains and opening for them on their current North American tour, switching places with them from their last gig in San Francisco when Alice in Chains opened for them. The tour

will cover Toronto and Montreal and of course, Vancouver. From there, the band is off to Europe for a month. Australia and Japan are on the agenda after Europe.

While in Europe, The Trees plan to play dates in England, Paris, Holland, and Scandinavia. Last time Martin was in Scandinavia he was in the band *Skynyrd* and they played in a cave that had been converted into a bar. The lead singer of *Skynyrd*, Ben McMilliam, is now fronting *Grunt Truck* which - surprise! - is opening for the Trees as they tour with *Alice in Chains*.

All the incest in all three bands combine to produce a great show. However, a large deal of credit for the success of the tour must go directly to The Screaming Trees. With their new line up they are playing even better than before, when Martin was just a fan of the band. Now he is playing in an amazing rhythm section with a real hot "swing groove" where "everybody follows the bass player". If you've ever seen Van roll around

on stage, while playing bass, you'll understand.

The band is a really unified force. Even as they play in the crowded stagespace in front of the other bands gear, it is obvious that this band is capable of rocking much larger buildings. This is a substantial feat for a band which many had tagged as simply being another "Seattle band", which would not be able to withstand the acoustics of anything larger than a musty garage.

The Screaming Trees have not "lucked out," rather they have every right to be where they are and are without a doubt on their way to bigger and better things. It is their talent which has gotten them this far and which will continue to propel them. Luck has nothing to do with it - although it is reassuring that a band like The Screaming Trees are getting fair recognition. It is also "very nice" that they are coming to town with *Grunt Truck* and *Alice in Chains* on Dec. 18th at 86th Street Music Hall.



"NEVER BE AFRAID TO WISH..." T.M.

## Memories of Wingfield

It was a dark and stormy night... but enough idle banter: how was your weekend?

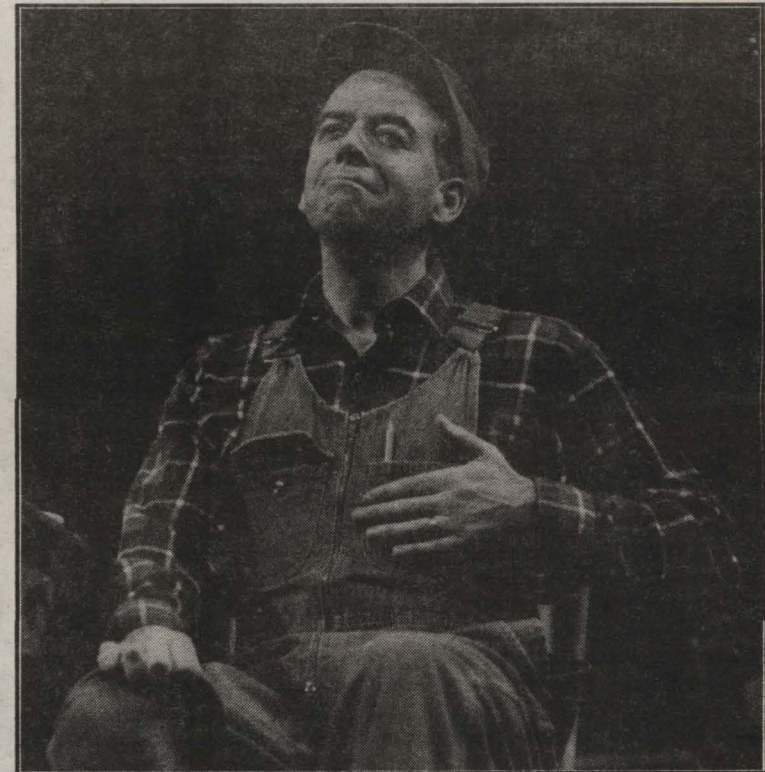
Mine got off to a pretty good start, thanks largely to a one-man performance at the Vancouver Playhouse called *Letter from Wingfield Farm*, which is currently running until November 28. This play is in fact one of a trilogy of plays which are being performed at the Playhouse until December 5.

*Letter from Wingfield Farm*  
The Vancouver Playhouse Nov. 4 - 28, 1992  
reviewed by Sean P. Velej

The weather was awful, raining like there was no tomorrow (being from Manitoba, I don't think I'll ever get used to there being so much green in November). However, while the weather outside was disappointing, the production inside the Playhouse was not.

*Letter from Wingfield Farm* is the story of Walt Wingfield, a Toronto stockbroker who leaves the bright lights and big city to become a farmer. Walt moves to Persephone Township in southern Ontario and meets his colourful neighbours for the first time, all of whom are played by actor Rod Beattie, such as Freddy and the Squire who become Walt's chief advisors on farming.

Among other characters to whom we are introduced is Don, the local vet, whom Walt frantically calls when one of his ducks takes ill with



a strange disease that leaves him wobbling (the duck, that is, not Walt). Then there are Walt's nephews, Willy and Dave: they're not particularly bright, but they're fun to listen to; their laughter is, according to Walt, similar to guinea hens. And old Jimmy, whose stories of how he came to Canada stilled the audience.

Rod Beattie, who plays all the characters in this production, is simply fantastic. He is able to move from one character to another with virtually no difficulties at all, running a complete range of emotions, reminiscent of Garrison Keillor and his stories of the mythical Lake Wobegon.

Indeed, Beattie seems quite at ease with these characters. Perhaps this is because the characters were taken from actual people around

whom playwright Dan Needles, who has known Rod since his childhood, grew up. In fact, the only character who is truly fictitious is the main character of Walt.

This show has been selling out wherever it has toured throughout the country, and for good reason. Make a point of seeing it, if you can. But take an umbrella.

### Production Dates:

*Letter from Wingfield Farm*: November 4-28

*Wingfield's Progress*: Nov. 30, Dec. 4, 5

*Wingfield's Folly*: Dec. 2, 3, 5

For more information call The Vancouver Playhouse at 872-6622. For ticket information and reservations call 873-3311 or any Ticketmaster Outlet.

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Sat @ 7 & 11pm

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Review by Jenna Walsh  
The Number 14

For those of us accustomed to the devotion of several hours a day to B.C. Transit, seeing "The Number 14" is a rather uncanny experience. It is our story being told as each of us is represented by at least one of the sixty-odd characters parading across the stage.

The title refers to a bus moving along familiar Vancouver streets. It provides a setting which forces the

diverse passengers on board to acknowledge one another and interact, resulting in a flawlessly directed collage.

Taking neither breath nor break, the actors reeled on and offstage, sang, danced and mimed like manic chameleons. We were shown in a spectrum of Vancouver existence, a high fashion Robson Street romance, the secret fantasies of private school girls, spirited Canucks fans and much more. The humor was often subtle, such as the man who politely picked up a piece of garbage off from floor

and casually tosses it out the window. Just at the moment when my laugh muscles were screaming for mercy, the rapper wanna-be appeared. The audience continued to chuckle as he started his rap, but we were soon listening to a description of what goes on outside the bus's protective windows as it slipped through Mount Pleasant and on into Gastown.

Although some of the sketches were too long, especially in the second half, the script kept us wondering who would come next and rarely let us down. The costumes were perfect

and the masks, designed by Emily Carr graduate Melody Anderson, were divine, each with its own personal truth and absurdity. Used to its full potential, the set provided everything from a playground for children to a substitute stage for two Thesians and their duel of words and reviews. This scene also allowed for some good-natured shots at the upper echelons of local theater.

"The Number 14" ended its route and saved the best for last. A lengthy but gorgeously acted scene began when a street wise little girl from the

East End discovered she had wandered, not onto a bus, but onto center stage for all our eyes to see. As she desperately tried to convince the little boy from Point Grey that what she saw is real, that the fourth wall had come down, we shared first in his pain and reluctance, then in his joy at the freedom she gave him from social regulations and, finally, in his innocent shame at being caught enjoying her company. They asked us if they can ever be friends. At the end, there was no answer.

## Out Of My Brain on the Number 14



## Other Arts &amp; Review

# Sugar fails to sweeten sour gig

What makes a good gig? Does it really matter what the band does, or is it the crowd that makes the difference?

**Sugar with Throwing Muses and Boo Radleys**  
Commodore Ballroom  
November 18  
reviewed by Tim Crumley

There really wasn't an adequate answer provided at last Wednesday's show. Although I know the majority of the people who attended the Commodore were pleased with the performance, I know it most likely wasn't their all-time favourite concert either. Whether that was the bands' or crowd's fault, is another story.

I had the misfortune to be hideously late, so I missed the Boo Radleys entirely. They may have been superstars. They could have been monkey turds. I'll never know.

After a cold beer and deep thought, the Throwing Muses started their set with a competent cover of Jimi Hendrix's *Manic Depression*. I say competent because I've heard it covered better before (NoMeansNo is an excellent example). But they played some marvelous music - things I know I want to hear again, even if it sounds the same on record. They play really heavy music, but slower than you might expect, and a surprising amount of it was in 3/4 time.

But as wonderful as the music was, the band itself was rather... dull. The lighting didn't change for the entire set from its original pale blue, and no one moved, either. The crowd acted accordingly, swaying back and forth instead of dancing. It was like watching people on heroin play music for people on heroin.

Bob Mold's new project, Sugar,

alleviated the problem somewhat. Playing songs from what would be one of my favourite albums of 1992, the former lead singer of Hüsker Dü definitely made the crowd happy. The songs were melodic, catchy, and (of course) loud. The crowd even got a bit livelier, forming a small pit in front of the stage. But 95% of the crowd was still doing the sway of the stoned, and the only difference between Sugar and the Throwing Muses in terms of stage presence was they had changed the lighting from blue to white.

I hope I'm not being a party pooper. I really liked the show, because 90% of a concert is the music, and the music was definitely there. It's just that the other 10% is what makes a show unforgettable, and that 10% was missing on Wednesday.

## Under the Influence of Sven Gali

Concert Preview by Angus Adair

In 1894, George du Maurier's novel, *Trilby* was released. In it the heroine, Trilby, is transformed by a man's hypnotic power into a great singer of unmatched prowess. While few can readily proffer up this information, the name of the man who transformed Trilby has found its way into our language. Svengali.

There is also, now, a band who have taken the name Sven Gali and if their first single, *Under the Influence*, is any indication of things to come they may indeed enjoy the levels of success *Trilby* reached in du Maurier's novel, without any smoke and mirrors, and solely on talent alone.

The video for *Under the Influence*, is stunning. It shows the band's hypnotic effect in a surreal world of hard rock. Ordinarily, the words surreal and hard rock do not appear in the same sentence, as few bands accomplish both at once, but *Sven Gali* is no ordinary band.

I often dismiss many bands as pretenders who emulate the look that *Sven Gali* seems to possess. However, there is a key difference with *Sven Gali*. It is perhaps the reason I cranked the volume on my TV the first time I saw *Under the Influence* instead of switching the channel. *Sven Gali* is not pretending to be anyone else; they are their own band with their own sound and entrancing look.

I have been awaiting *Sven Gali*'s arrival in town for a while now, and am pleased to report they have finally arrived just down the street. This Saturday, at California Dreaming, just underneath The Old Spaghetti Factory, *Sven Gali* is playing. No, you're not under hypnosis, *Sven Gali* is playing a local gig right next to Douglas College.

They'll only be there for one night though and given the size of *California Dreaming* and the powerful draw of the band, it would be wise to get tickets fast before the club sells out. You wouldn't want to be standing in a long cold line listening to *Sven Gali* outside.

## Tricks are for Kids

This record tricked me. That's not a bad thing in this case, but it did trick me.

**Soul Asylum**  
Grave Dancers Union  
Columbia/Sony Music  
reviewed by Tim Crumley

The opening cut is "Someone To Shove", a rocker in the tradition of Dinosaur Jr., and I of course thought that the album would remain on that kind of volume and intensity level. I was pleasantly surprised to

be wrong, however. Once the grungy rock was out of the way, *Soul Asylum* settled right down into more straightforward pop-rock, not unlike the Replacements. They definitely have a country influence, and I couldn't help but think that this was a harder *Blue Rodeo*, which is cool, considering I like *Blue Rodeo*.

The cuts are really listenable, even if they follow a standard AOR format, and it actually seems that singer David Pinner really believes the words he's singing. Among the

standout cuts are "Homesick", which is pretty much straight ahead rock 'n roll, and "Someone To Shove", which I find myself whistling whenever I drift off to Planet X.

But my favourite songs are the slower ones, like "Black Gold" and "The Sun Maid". They have that certain something... they push all the right buttons and give that bittersweet flavour I just can't avoid.

Great record from Minneapolis, Minnesota. Hope they make more, and Prince makes less.

## Nice and Miserable Blossoms

**New Miserable Experience**  
Gin Blossoms  
AM Records  
by Linda Wainman

Folk/Rock/Country sings the blues. *Gin Blossom*'s Robin Wilson, Jesse Wilson, Phillip Rhodes, Bill Leen and Scott Johnson sing songs about life, lovers, and emotions.

This is really nice listening if you like nice listening.

There's a slight reminder of *Blue Rodeo* as country flavor is brought to life with a lively beat. The album is alive with electric guitar riffs, and up-beat drumming. *Lost Horizons* is a song that talks about making the world go away with booze. *Gin Blossoms* have the uncanny ability to talk about emotions and life's ups and downs without sounding melancholy.

As the album continues to play, I pick up the overall picture

of the life of an alcoholic. Just when they start to sound consistent, and you've had enough of guitar and drums, they spice it up with an accordion. For those whose musical taste expands, and appreciate classic sounds, the album is worth a listen.

On a scale of 1-10 I give *Gin Blossoms* 7-8.

## Salvador Ferras is a Visionary Who Can Cook

Welcome to planet drum... or is that gong, or cowbell, or shaker...? Hell, it's anything that relates to percussion. This is a planet to make tracks to visit.

Salvador Ferreras  
*Invisible Minority*  
Aural Tradition

Reviewed by Haroon A. Khan

Salvador Ferreras' genealogy is rooted in the Latin American tradition. But don't let that fool you into the idea that all latin music is centred around flamenco guitar

players. The range Ferreras expresses in his cd, *Invisible Minority*, is an auditory cornucopia of sound and vision with rhythms to keep you up at night.

The cd is a mix of traditional standards and new music. In the

excellent liner notes, Ferreras relates music to cooking: just "add your favourite musical friends, bake for about one good night and you have the makings of this taste of Coast Hispanic Afro-Latin Jazz." The results are tasty in this chock-full-of-

musical-goodness cd. Unfortunately, my copy tended to hiss and crackle after the fifth track, an idiosyncrasy that tended to distract.

Regardless, Salvador Ferreras is a visionary and hey, he's local - check it out, ya won't regret it.

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# The Futility of Being Fred

By Diana Krebs

You know, I never really thought it would come to this. I mean, Fred's always been a little strange, but he was never this bad in high school. That's when I met him, in grade 10. We've been best friends ever since. That is, at least until lately. It seems I've done something, something terribly wrong, but Fred won't tell me what it is. I wouldn't be worrying about it, Fred being the type of guy that he is, but whatever it is that I've done it seems to have literally destroyed his life.

It all started a couple of weeks ago. I came home one evening, after an awful day at work, and found a message on my answering machine from Fred. It was very direct. "Hi," he had said, "it's Fred. I just want you to know that I can't go on any more. My life is nothing but a series of empty days and nights. Since it is no longer worth living, I just emptied the largest bottle in my medicine cabinet and swallowed every pill. I thought I should tell you, since it is your fault, after all."

Of course, I immediately rushed over to his house. I rang the bell, but there was no answer. I looked up, and saw a note taped to the door. It read, "The door isn't locked, locking doors is ridiculous when one's life has been closed forever." Fred had always been a bit melodramatic. I opened the door and ran inside. I found him in the living room. His body was slumped in a chair with his head rolled back, staring at the ceiling. He was moaning. I ran over and took the empty bottle from his hand. Looking at the label, I read, "Vitamin C - Chewable Orange-Flavoured Tablets."

I couldn't believe it. My best friend had tried to overdose on vitamins? I gently shook his shoulder. "Fred," I said softly, "Are you alright?"

"Leave me alone," he whined, "I am dead. You are nothing but a spirit, trying to trick me. I cannot hear you."

"Fred!" I screamed into his ear, "You are not dead! You can't overdose on vitamin C." He just stared at me blankly, so I waved the bottle in front of his face. "Vitamin C, Fred. It's vitamin C. You are definitely alive," I told him as I messed up his hair, "What the hell do you mean by trying to kill yourself with vitamin C?"

I could tell that he was starting to come to the realization of how stupidly he had acted. His face crumpled, and tears began to squeeze themselves out of the corners of his eyes. "I'm hopeless," he wailed, "I can't even kill myself. Just leave me alone. Leave me here to die a slow death."

"Fred, come on," I coaxed, "don't be so hard on yourself. Look on the bright side: you probably won't catch a cold for the rest of your life. Besides," I continued, "you were perfectly happy yesterday. What happened?"

Fred gave me a dirty glare. "You should know," he said stubbornly as he walked into the kitchen. "Don't worry about me. Just because I'm too pathetic to kill myself doesn't mean anything. Leave me alone, and I'll be fine without you." So I left. I didn't know what else to do. Still, I couldn't figure out what I could possibly have done to make him want to kill himself. But Fred's kind of a weird guy, so I thought he would probably get over it. Two days later, however, I would realize that I was wrong.

**"Leave me to rot,"  
he commanded,  
"I am road kill!"**

It was a Saturday, and I was sleeping in. At 12:30, I heard the phone ring. Groaning, I rolled over and picked it up. "What?" It was Fred.

"You don't have to worry about me anymore," he said, "I'm ending my life once and for all."

"Fred, where are you?" I asked, yawning and looking at my watch.

"I'm on Maple Street, down by the lake," he said, "I thought it would be an appropriate place." Then he hung up. I realized that he was talking about the lake that we used to drive up to after dark, when we were in high school. We would both

convince our girlfriends to go for a drive, and for some reason we had always ended up there, at the end of the long dirt road. Although I enjoyed the quiet evenings, with Fred it had been an entirely different story. His girlfriends would end up getting out of the car, screaming at him that he was a pig. Then he would drive them home. We never really talked about it though. I didn't want to make him feel bad.

I decided to quit reminiscing and then went out to my car. It was only a short drive down to Maple Street. I found Fred a little ways past where the pavement ended. The potholes in the dirt were much worse than I remembered. Parking my car at the side of the road, I got out and went over to poor Fred. "Fred," I called, "what are you doing? Come on, let's go for lunch. I'll buy you a beer." But Fred wasn't listening to me. He was eyeing the car that was wobbling slowly towards us. It was a red Volkswagen Beetle, carefully making its way through the potholes. Just as the car got near him, Fred jumped in front of it. The Beetle barely knocked him over, and he lay there in the dust, motionless. I waved at the driver, who shook his head in amazement as he backed up, then drove around Fred.

I went over and tried to get Fred to stand up. "Come on Fred, you're fine. Get up and we'll go talk about this, okay?"

"Leave me to rot," he commanded, "I am roadkill."

"Fred," I said, trying to sound like my mother when she was trying to force me to see reason, "You are not roadkill. At the speed that car was going, it wouldn't have killed a mouse if it had hit it. Would you quit being so ridiculous and get up?"



"Ridiculous," he wailed, "yes, that's exactly right, I am ridiculous. My whole life is ridiculous. Even my death is ridiculous. I wish I had never been born. But you don't care, your life is perfect compared to mine. Just leave me here and let me be ridiculous, if that's what you think I am."

"Look at yourself," I said. "Fred, you're lying in the middle of a dirt road with dust in your hair and dirt all over your clothes. Would you please just get up and let me drive you home?"

"Fine," he pouted, "If that's what you want me to do, then I will, but I don't want to. I don't want to do anything. My life is simply meaningless." I just sighed as he got in the car and put on his seatbelt.

As I drove down the road toward Fred's house, I tried to think of what I could possibly have done to upset him this much. I remembered talking to him on the phone the day before the vitamin C incident. As far as I could recall, he had seemed fine. I just couldn't understand it. "So," I began, "are you going to tell me what this horrible thing is that I've done, or do you expect me to guess?"

Fred just looked at me. "How stupid do you think I am?" he asked. "Do you really expect me to believe that you don't know?" By this time, I had pulled up in front of his house. Fred opened the door and got out.

"Okay, have it your way," I told him. "Bye."

"Bye," he mumbled. As he turned a way, I saw the expression on his face. He looked as if someone had just punched him in the stomach. I hoped that this would be the end of his senseless and futile attempts at suicide. I wasn't sure how much more I could take. Yawning, I decided to take a nap.

When I finally awoke, it was dark outside. I

looked at my clock. 8:00 pm. I decided to stay home for the evening. I then tried to call Fred, hoping that if I invited him over to watch a movie and have a few beers he might cheer up a little. Unfortunately, he wasn't home. I went into the kitchen and grabbed a bag of chips and a tin of Black Label. I put in the movie I had rented a week earlier but hadn't got around to watching yet. It looked like a typical action movie, one that would have scored high on Fred's body count" scale. He tended to think that the more people that got killed, the better the movie was.

**What the hell, I  
should have gone  
naked.**

I was only halfway through my first can of beer when the phone rang. You guessed it. Fred again. "Hi," he said, "it's me. I finally figured out a way to do it. I guess I'm not so ridiculous after all. I'm going to jump off the bridge now. Nobody can screw that up, not even me."

"Wait," I pleaded, "Fred..." But it was no use. He had already hung up. Reluctantly I turned off the movie, and put on my jacket to go look for him. I decided to try the Ninth Street bridge first, since it was the closest one to Fred's house, and he was notorious for getting lost every time he drove more than a few blocks.

I was in luck. I could see Fred's car parked right in the middle of the bridge. Fortunately, there was hardly any traffic, so nobody paid too much attention. I decided to park my car on the side of the road, just before the bridge, and walk to his car. When I got there, however, I couldn't see him anywhere. My heart began to pound as I thought about the possibility that he might really have done it. My best friend could actually have killed himself. Then I heard him yell.

Leaning over the railing, I could see him. He was hanging upside down, suspended by one foot. Fred had jumped, but his shoelace had gotten caught in a crack in the railing. He was wearing a pair of combat boots, with new heavy duty laces. I shook my head in amazement.

"Fred," I called, "What are you doing?"

"You were right," he called back, "I am pathetic. And ridiculous. I should have worn loafers. I should have gone barefoot. What the hell, I should have gone naked."

"I decided to ignore him and, reaching down, grabbed his ankle with both hands. Luckily for me, he only weighs about 135 pounds, so I was able to pull him up, although it wasn't easy. When I got him over the railing, he just sat on the curb and looked up at the stars."

"Read the note," he whispered to me.

"What note?" I asked. Fred pointed at the windshield of his car. I saw a white piece of paper trapped behind one of the windshield wipers. Walking over to the car, I retrieved it, then sat in the drivers seat to read:

You probably want to know why I did it. Well, I'll tell you then. When I talked to you on the phone the other day, you said good-bye first. I had always been the one to say good-bye first, for all these years. It was then that I realized that I was fooling myself. I had no control over my life. It was you. You've always controlled everything I've done. My life is no better than that of a dog following it's master's orders. I know now that my life is futile, hopeless, utterly without meaning. That's why I've decided to end it right now. Freddy.

I couldn't believe it. What a stupid reason to commit suicide. I didn't control him. "Fred," I called, getting out of the car, "what do you mean, I control you?" But he was gone. His boots were sitting on the sidewalk.

**Thanx to all contributors.**

Please continue to send  
submissions to The Poetree Page  
C/O the Other Press  
room 1020  
All Student and Faculty  
Submissions Welcome

**The short Story Page**

Just a little leaf from the poetree page



Other Feature

# Living Cross Culturally

by Richard Navarro

David, our five year old son went to his mother one day and said : "Mummy, Erin (his younger sister) and I are mixed up!"

"Why do you say that?" his mother asked.

He answered : "Well, you're white and daddy is brown. We're mixed up."

His mother explained : "No, David, you and Erin are mixed. Your daddy is from the Philippines and I was born in Canada, and my mother came from Ireland. You and your sister are mixed, not mixed up. It's your parents who are mixed up!"

The fun in a cross-cultural marriage does not come only from the children.

After several evenings when my Irish-Canadian wife kept serving potatoes for dinner, I complained with my Filipino accent : "I am fed up with potatoes night after night, I want my esteemed rice!"

My wife replied ; "It isn't esteemed rice but rather steamed rice. Short s." And then she pronounced the word properly, repeatedly.

Undeterred, I countered : "I don't care whether it's esteemed rice, or fried rice, I just want my rice. I have had enough of potatoes!"

For the past eight years, living cross-culturally has been a day-to-day experience for Kim and myself. It is equally a reality in the lives of the majority of people in Canada, particularly those in British Columbia's Lower Mainland.

For example, the Globe and Mail Report on Business stated that Richmond, B.C.'s current demographic picture shows that one in five residents is Asian. (Incidentally, the article listed and described the 10 cities in Canada it considered as the best places in which to live and to start a business. Richmond was one of these cities.)

One in ten residents of Surrey is of East Indian background.

An Angus Reid poll conducted in July, 1991 asked Canadians if they lived in a neighbourhood with people of other races or ethnic backgrounds and eighty-two percent of the respondents said they lived in a racially or culturally diverse neighbourhood.

The 1991 census revealed that thirteen percent of the total population of Canada speak neither English nor French as their first language, up from eleven percent five years ago.

The schools in the province's Lower Mainland and the Fraser Valley show the validity of this survey finding in a practical way.

For better or for worse, we live in a multi-ethnic environment and whether we like it or not, we will have to relate with peoples of a variety of cultural backgrounds.

The question is how. Not to answer this question may have disastrous consequences.

Vivid television images related to the Los Angeles riots

expression of a deep-seated frustration of inner-city poverty. Maybe so.

Almost every night for the past several weeks the television news reports have been giving to us the running tally of those who died and those who get wounded in the horror of Sarajevo's three-party "ethnic cleansing" campaign.

cultural background. In other words, avoid discrimination on racial or whatever basis. This means not giving preference to one group over another.

Jesus, in his Sermon on the Mount, said : In everything, do to what you would have them do to you.

The Golden Rule applies in all aspects of our lives,

Indian. Apparently, some school authority classified the pupils according to their last names, incorrectly assuming that those with East Indian surnames required help in English. These Canadian-born children deserved to be evaluated on an individual basis.

So often we hear of Asian immigrants categorized either as gang-members terrorizing our neighbourhoods or as wealthy businessmen trying to buy up our neighbourhoods. But the majority of Canadians of Asian origin belong to neither group.

Similarly, most of the labels thrown at particular ethnic groups are false generalizations which do not accurately describe the group or its members. They usually come out of ignorance.

Three : Seek to learn about other cultures.

A cultural or ethnic group will have similarities or commonalities which are not distinct. Our responsibility is to be informed on the values, beliefs, and behavior of various ethnic groups. And teach your children about other cultures. The less ignorant we are of each other's cultures, the more tolerant we will be of each other. Understanding breaks down prejudices. After all, there is always something good and something bad in every culture.

Comprehending the reason one cultural group wears a certain kind of attire will make us understand why they insist on keeping it on even in the workplace. At dinnertime, one particular culture group serves food utilizing only the right hand; knowing this will avoid embarrassment when with members of this group.

Living cross-culturally demands our continual efforts at getting informed on other people's cultural traits, practises, and values. Ignorance breeds racism, while understanding promotes appreciation of other cultures.

When Kim and I got married, the pastor commented that it was also a marriage of two cultures. He meant my being Filipino and my wife being Caucasian. We have learned since that culture has more to do with a set of values, beliefs, and behavior acquired than the skin color one is born with or the country of one's origin. If this is the case, every marriage is a cross-cultural experience. Ours then is far from extra-ordinary,

Living cross-culturally, for us, has meant having rice this evening and potatoes the next. And raising gorgeous, noy mixed-up, kids who, hopefully, will continue to enjoy the ethnic diversity that surrounds them.

Richard Navarro is a freelance writer and is the Area Manager for World Vision Canada



A.A.

this summer remain imbedded in our minds. The white policemen beating up a black man named Rodney King. The resulting rampage in South Central L.A. neighbourhoods when the jury (all white, middle class, and suburbanite) acquitted the cops. The black men stopping a blond, white truck driver and pulling him down and beating him up. The Korean retail merchants protecting their businesses from looters, utilizing high-powered guns. The replacement of a white police chief with a black one.

Some people proposed that the root-cause of the problem which precipitated the L.A. riots was basically economic; they say that the upheaval was merely the

What about the terrifying neo-Nazi attacks on the Gypsies, the Vietnamese boat people and other asylum-seekers in Germany? Or the estimated 5,000 daily deaths in Somalia while clan-based loyalties fight it out for power.

Suddenly, this summer South Africa's apartheid issue has become passé, displaced by these other dramatic conflicts.

Given all these world events, the question remains : how do we live harmoniously in a multi-cultural setting?

I have three suggestions.

One : Treat everyone the way you want to be treated.

Treat everybody the same way, regardless of their ethnic and

particularly as we seek to bridge cultural differences.

Two : Do not stereo-type.

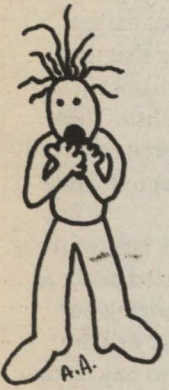
Stereotyping is painting an ethnic group with the same broad brushstroke. The negative experience with one member of an ethnic group can result in the same perception toward all others in that group. This stereotyping simply is wrong. A group is composed of individuals; individuals mean differences.

During the first day of this new school year, a public elementary school in Abbotsford was in the news because the five-year olds found themselves in two separate and distinct groups-one group being all-white or Caucasian and the other group being all East

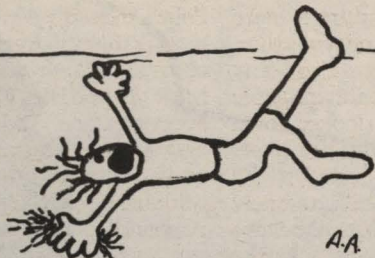


# C O M I X

## Ped



It is the Other Press' unfortunate duty to bring you some very disturbing news. Due to extenuating circumstances beyond the control of the Other Press Collective, the lovable, collectable, not quite life size, debonair, fankalicious, mysterious yet open, classy, stupefied and intellectual Ped is not able to attend this issue's meeting of comix. I can however guarantee 100% that the next Other Press issue may or may not contain a new, fresh and frisky Ped comic. Please, try to control all the sobbing and wailing of pity and remorse over this tragic, international, possibly universal, crisis. If all else fails you may use the comix section of this paper for tissue. After reading it of course. Till then fellow Ped admirers. Hugs, kisses, rhinos and banana cocktails. But not necessarily in that order.



A hero unlike any other the world has known. A mysterious figure uprising from the shadows of history. The Unknown Anarchist!

**The Garden of Eden**

Psst, Over here. You gonna take that kinda fascism from a patriarchal, absentee landlord? Go ahead. Break the rule. Touch the tree.

**The Pyramids**

That stone block looks awful heavy. Management is exploiting you and your fellow worker. You should walk out. You don't have to take this.

**The Last Supper**

Sorry, I can't stick around but I never get my picture taken. Give my best to the guys at dinner, J.C.

**NEXT ISSUE:**  
The Unknown Anarchist eats cake.



## Other Opinions

# Be a Peacekeeper in the War on Panhandlers

**Once again the Christmas Season is almost upon us. Just like every year all of us are being asked, in every conceivable way, to give, to help make Christmas merry for those for whom it may not otherwise be so.**

**The mainstream press is asking us to fill empty stockings. Fill the sock and your name will be printed...oh boy.**

The TV and radio ads haven't begun in earnest yet, but they're coming.

by Mark S. Foster

The bell ringers are already out there, in front of every major store, mall and, of course, where the cheerful congregate, the liquor stores. The Food Bank's red box is sitting on our own concourse begging for your non-perishable donations. (Please, help fill it as full and as often as you can!) Even your mailbox is a target of opportunity for any one of the vast array of registered charities.

Registered is a key word here. "Registered" needy causes.

But what about *unregistered* needy causes? They are out there, although most of us seem to pretend they aren't. (Gentle reader, did you ignore a panhandler this week?) Depending on where you reside and shop, you may have ignored numerous panhandlers this week, this month, this year, maybe even all your life. You can ignore them, you can even not like them, but they are there nonetheless. There are lots of them, and the numbers are steadily growing.

If you already give your spare change to panhandlers, for whatever reason you choose to, then thank you! Thank you from the many who've already assisted and the many who you might assist in the future.

If you don't, perhaps it is against your beliefs to give away your spare change. Maybe you believe you're doing more harm than good. You may think that someone else or some agency will cover for you. In the past you may have had a bad experience with a beggar, and you've vowed to never give again. If you don't give, for whatever reason, it's your business. But read on, please.

There are a few popular myths about panhandlers that need to be dispelled. First, the beggar is commonly thought of as lazy, unwilling to get a job and support

him or herself. In a few cases this may be true, but not many. Lazy? If you've never tried hanging around a corner and begging for coins then you have no right to believe it's an easy way out of working for a living. It is work. It may not be backbreaking labor, but it is far and away more demeaning and humiliating than working as a McUrinal cleaner. It really is work.

In fact, it is not only humbling work, it's often abusive and sometimes dangerous work. The amount of abuse the beggar is forced to endure is more than any working person would (Or, at least, should.) tolerate on any "regular" job. The panhandler is forced to adjust to being looked down on (figuratively) by many, if not most passersby. Rude, belittling comments can be expected, routinely expected from the many who believe themselves members of a higher caste; in some imagined way superior to the panhandler. Absorbing the base rudeness of the "successful" is one of the panhandler's societal functions—part of the job.

Begging in the streets gets dangerous when the innocent panhandler is set upon by one or a group of the "superior persons" already mentioned. Dealing with

drunks in bad moods can be a major occupational hazard for the beggar. Our society perceives those forced to beg in the streets as weak. Too often unstable, or just plain mean people, seek out "weaker" individuals on whom to vent their anger. It happens to panhandlers a lot. Not surprisingly, almost always, especially by insensitive police forces, the "victim" is perceived to be the "law abiding citizen," not the panhandler. (Panhandling itself is not against the law.)

Of course, the opposite is true too. Aggressive panhandling is considered assault by the Vancouver

many are offended by fur coats. You don't hear about attempts to ban fur coats from Robson Street, do you?

You do, however, hear of attempts to ban panhandlers on Robson. There is a movement afoot to replace the people who have their hands out with boxes that will collect for them. This might solve one or two of the problems the beggars create (read: bring to light). That of removing an unpleasant sight for those who can afford to think only happy, affluent thoughts is one. Another? Well, those who toss their pittance into the box instead of an outstretched palm can rest easier

you bed down under a bridge. Imagine having to wait until the soup kitchen opens...not being able to eat when you're hungry, only on someone else's schedule.

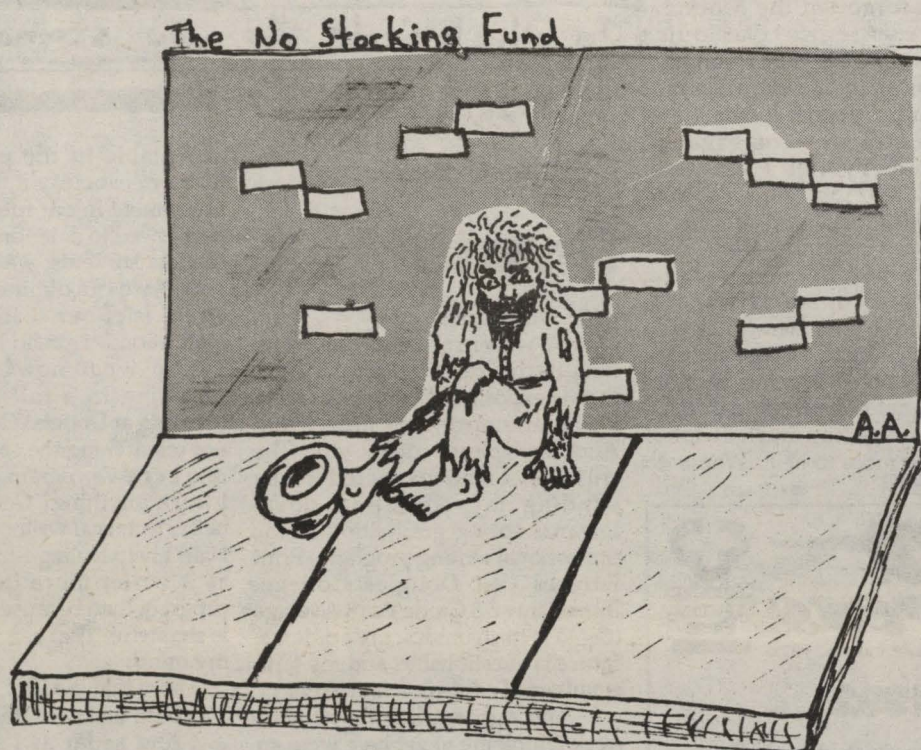
Imagine not being able to afford to dry your sleeping bag in a coin laundry after camping out in the rain in an alley. Imagine getting your newspaper from a trash can, never going to the \$1.50 movies, or being able to afford a phone call to your faraway parents...spouse...children.

Imagine your fellow citizens deciding for you how you should spend your time (Staying out of sight!), and spend what little money you can scrape together (You must be more financially responsible than anyone else ever is.) Someone allots you your portions in the soup line. The newspaper reminds you that you are a nuisance to other citizens. (Move on! Move on! You're not wanted here. Or there.) You're constantly verbally abused, then arrested or at least roused by the police, if you respond in a manner similar to that of your tormentor. All this because of your economic status. Being on the streets isn't prison, is it? You have so many opportunities to look forward to!

Sure, often the spare change you give a panhandler may be spent on a cheap bottle of wine. Is that so terrible? When your life is an endless shuffle from soup kitchen to soup kitchen to wet urban camping spot, is that so terrible? Who has a right to impose their own moral judgment on others anyway? That's not very Canadian, is it?

One more myth that needs to be put to rest. Myth: there are agencies that'll take care of those on the street.

There are agencies that will help those on the streets, but the help is far too meager and very indirect and impersonal. There are some wonderful private sector agencies out there, but their resources are limited. Yes, they need your help. But the man or woman who asks you for your loose change needs your help too. Give to the agency of your choice, but don't let that stop you from handing a beggar a few coins. Every bit does help. If you believe what you've got to spare is too little, remember that you aren't the only person the panhandler asked. That's not a viable excuse for refusing to give, it's a logical reason to believe your contribution will help. Every bit helps. And not just at Christmas time.



Police. Indeed, people have the right to walk the city streets without being accosted. But what exactly is *accosted*? Most dictionaries define accost as approach and address, especially aggressively. (One, an Oxford edition adds, "of prostitute.") So, *aggressive panhandling* is accosting. But most panhandlers aren't aggressive.

Are we so accustomed to ignoring mild-mannered panhandlers that we only notice those who are aggressive or foul-mouthed? Is a friendly panhandler any more a nuisance than a bell ringer in front of the super market?

Perhaps the physically offensive panhandler bothers you? He or she hasn't bathed or changed clothes in awhile...and that offends some. Well,

believing they've actually helped...feeling no guilt at passing the beggar just beyond the box.

Perhaps those boxes will collect money needed to fund the soup kitchens and shelters every level of our government refuses to take responsibility for. Unfortunately the sad reality is that beyond daily soup and sandwiches, they won't help those sleeping under the Georgia Viaduct, in our parks, parking garages and alleys. Survival is aided, yes. But is the beggars' lot in life improved?

Imagine a life in which you are only "allowed" the bare necessities...you are, after all, a beggar. Imagine not having enough change for a midnight snack before

## The Decline of Western Civilization Part One: Communication

by Byron Stedmann

Last week, when you were promised apathy and the end of history, you were lied to.

This week's subject is communication. Communication in the latter twentieth century is a shambles; we have lost the ability to express ourselves well. Our grammatical skills have plummeted and, at times, our vocabulary is barely above the level of Cro-Magnon man. Why has this happened? The answer, as with all problems today, is complicated.

Probably the greatest contribution to our rapid decay of communication in society is, ironically (although not surprisingly), television. Television is the greatest tool of communication today; it has

changed the way we perceive the world around us. It is today what the printing press was in the 13th century, revolutionary.

In January, 1990, the television news media brought the Gulf War to us as it happened. Never before had the world received news in this near, instantaneous fashion. In the beginning of this century it would have taken two to three weeks, possibly even a month for the news of World War I to reach our shores from Britain. Now, however, with the benefits of the telephone, the airplane (especially the Concord), and satellite technology, we can news coverage from just about anywhere the news event is happening, as it happens.

Television gives us visual images accompanied by sound. It is a quick and easily digested medium,

so much so that it has spoiled the way we perceive other mediums. The news print media has had a hard time coping with the television revolution; it has had to take steps to ensure its survival.

### People have developed lazy speech habits.

News stories have to be reduced to small bites of information, because studies have shown that the average reader (yes, you've been lumped into this category too) has a short attention

span and does not want to read larger blocks of text. Just look at the news stories and features in this newspaper, the "unnecessary" information is trimmed from a story to make it fit on the proverbial spoon. The average American television viewer has a seven second attention span (the average Canadian and British viewer lasts approximately ten to fifteen seconds); in other words, the viewer gets restless when a shot takes longer than that. The next time you watch television, count the number of shot changes in one minute (particularly a music video). It is for this reason that we have newspapers like *The Province*, *The Toronto Star*, and *The Ottawa Sun*. They are shining examples of papers reduced for the television audience.

Television has taken another

step with video. Video is to the 20th century television viewer what movable type was to the printer in the 16th century. It, like television, is a thing of convenience. We can watch what we want when we want to watch it: we create our own viewing schedule.

As can be expected, a whole slough of video products have come out: motion pictures and home educational videos are some of the products available. A child does not need to read a book to gather facts, the child just needs to pop in a video and watch. Everything is presented to the child; there is very little effort put out on the part of the child.

Continued on page 10.



## Other Editorials &amp; Opinions

## Other Opinion

By Angus Adair

How soon we forget. We surely must know, after all the war, pain and suffering of the past that violence just doesn't work to solve problems. It is the problem.

Since this paper was last published there were two brawls, one a near riot, in the concourse. This should be disturbing when viewed in context of of DCSS council members hurling epithets and threatening to assault each other.

The violence on Bangor Night and the seeming inaction by either the DCSS, who put the event on, Security, or even of the Police who eventually arrived on the scene suggest that Bang On Someone Night would have been a more appropriate name for the event.

Then there is the violence which one of our sports team involved themselves in at a recent tournament-both on and off the court. Shameful.

These events should cause concern. For it was male students engaging in large acts of violence on more than one occasion in the course of two weeks. Our students.

Have any of these men who

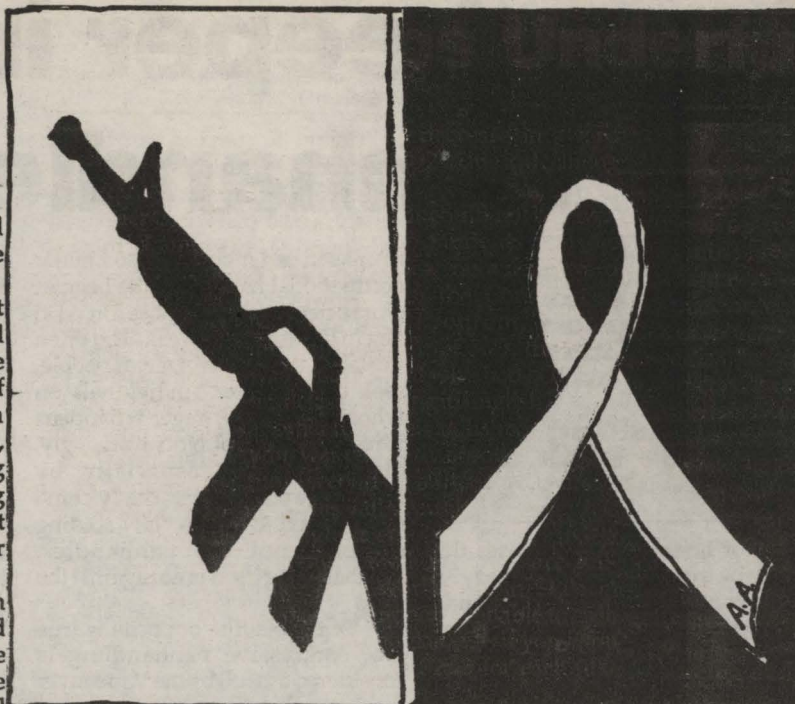
have been engaging in such stupid and harmful actions taken the time to consider their actions?

It is already bad enough that violence against women is so bad that women at Douglas College have to ask the men they trust (if they are that fortunate) to walk them safely to their vehicles or to the bus, but when full scale brawls are taking place in the concourse either during classes or at a social, that must surely make the climate of fear worse.

On December 6th 1989 a man armed with an automatic rifle killed 14 women because he felt they were "fucking feminists". Have we already forgotten the Montreal Massacre. Are we that quick to dismiss violence against women?

Think about it. Here we are, at an institute of higher learning and men are still way too eager to demonstrate the Iron Fist style of problem solving. This rash of violence is particularly disturbing as we approach December 6th.

There will be men wearing white ribbons in the days ahead. These are the real men- men who have taken a stand against violence against women. It requires far more integrity and character than a fist fight. Anyone can hurt. It takes something more to help. Where do you stand?



On Which Side do you stand?

## Other Letters

## Caveat Emptor

Dear Other Press:

A writer must tell the truth. And in this case, telling the truth means exposing myself to a reality I was attempting to hide from. Another typical writer's trait. The truth is, I had expected to be winding my education down towards spring graduation in the professional writing program - Print Futures - at Douglas College. Instead, my 3.8 Grade Point Average (GPA) is in shambles, my academic future is questionable, and my faith in universal education is shaken.

The eighteen months of hard work it took me to get here were an education in more than linguistic analysis and reader-response theory. I learned much more about group dysfunction, whining students, and a bureaucratic administration unable to communicate effectively (in the Communications Department, yet!)

As a student, I paid 18% of the cost of my education. As taxpayers, you paid a whopping 82%, padding the budget of a post-secondary institution so bogged down by bureaucracy that an entire computer lab (supposedly used to teach us computer skills) was out of commission on-and-off throughout the semester and no action was taken against the computer vendor by the registrar's office (who had no problem collecting our course fees) or the college administration (who were aware of the problem). Administrative incompetency in post-secondary educational institutions is so commonplace now that, as students, we don't bother complaining anymore because nobody at the top listens. Hell, left's face it. No one can actually figure out who's at the top.

Combine the computer lab problems with 'teachers' that are workplace practitioners in a specialized field (but not necessarily able to teach), erratic grading practices, a program with no coordinator, and a program in which only six students of the enrolled twenty-four (as of spring 1992) were placed in required-for-graduation co-op and practicum positions and you have an institution that has failed to meet its ethical and educational obligations to its students. An institution that failed you, the taxpayer, fiscally; and me, the student, academically.

Doing a good job is a prerequisite of employment in the private sector. Why is it, then, that almost adequate is considered

acceptable in the public sector? Surely society's educational investment in our future should not be allowed to deteriorate to the point that, as students, we are successful only if we can diminish the adverse affect [sic] our teachers and the institution we attend have on us.

So what now? Do I regret enrolling in a full-time applied program at Douglas College? I regret not researching the college's success rate in new program offerings. Did I learn anything? Certainly I am a better technical writer that I was. But I can't help feeling I have succeeded as a writer more in spite of the program than because of it. And that is shameful. That old adage plays in my mind:

Those that can, do,  
Those that can't, teach.

And as far as I'm concerned, those that can do neither, administrate.

Kim Reynolds  
November 24, 1992

## An A&amp;R Coordinator's Folly

I am writing this as an apology to Timbre Productions. On January 18, 1992, I went to see Sugar in concert at The Commodore. I was on the manager's guest list, I had gone around Timbre to get into the show and I shouldn't have: I should have gone through Timbre to get into the show. They have treated us with respect and fairness in the past, and I had insulted them by going around them; I had unintentionally slapped them in the face. I also apologize to Keith Buckingham for getting his name wrong for the fifth time, and thank him for letting me into the show anyway when he would have been justified in telling me to fuck off.

Byrun Stedmann

## Oops! We Fucked-up Again

The Other Press sincerely apologizes to Linda Wainman who was accidentally denied her first byline in the November 13, 1992, issue. An story she wrote was mistakenly printed as a letter under the heading Other Letters on page 10. Our apologies, Linda. We are looking forward to future submissions.

Decline...continued from page 9  
Television/ video as a learning tool is, at best, lazy education. Reading a book requires discipline, not that much, but more than television requires. When a child needs to put effort into reading a book, the effort should result in good, growing language skills (developing literacy).

Television is, ultimately, easy entertainment; it is visual stimulation and visual stimulation is a drug. Printed matter is static, it does not move: concentration is required to get through it. Many people don't read books without pictures, there is no visual stimulation. Reading books help us develop and expand our vocabulary, it increases our comprehensive abilities- it exercises the mind. How does this apply to the TV/ video generation?

## Expressions of surprise have been degraded to "holy shit!" and "holy fuck!"

Many people cannot express themselves in an intelligent manner. Expressions of surprise have been degraded to "holy shit!" and "holy fuck!" Try this popular combination: "holy fucking shit!" Expressions of anger are limited to coarse words as well.

Words like: "fuck," "shit," "bitch," and "asshole" are commonplace in society today; they even come in interesting combinations. Take Jerome Bouvier's comments in Christopher MacLaren's news story on division in the DCSS (Vol 15, number 8 - last issue). Jerome gets the award for the most baffling expression of anger for 1992. ... "If I ever see (Karm Sedhu) former speaker of the DCSS) somewhere else I will choke his fucking ass." How eloquent, how... unique. Witty rapport and intelligent comment seem to be dying elements in communication today.

People have developed lazy speech habits. We bastardize words and sentences by using such non-words as "gonna," instead of "going to." People often speak in incomplete sentences and they are often filled with contractions.

Of course television is not completely to blame for our communication woes, the education system has been in a steady spiral downhill for decades. Children have been the casualties in the battle between conservative and liberal factions in education. Between outdated, rigid belief systems about learning and flaky new philosophies about the educational process, children have suffered quite a lot.

People must learn to communicate with each other; they must learn to communicate well. People must exercise their minds and become more aware of the world around them without the help of the drug commonly called television. Communication is part of the basis upon which societies and relationships are built. Communication is an essential part of the fabric of society, we need to keep it strong and active; without good communication society will fall apart. Next time the subject of apathy, withdrawal and the end of history will be dealt with.

the **Other Press** Canadian University Press  
douglas college's autonomous student newspaper - since 1976

November 27, 1992

The Other Press is Douglas College's autonomous student newspaper since 1976.

Being autonomous means neither the Douglas College Student Society or the College administration can tell the Other Press what to print. Only you, the students, can decide what goes in the paper by helping out. It means that if someone doesn't like us, they can't shut your voice down for telling the truth.

We receive our funding from a student levy collected from you every semester at registration, and also from a student levy collected from you every semester at registration, and also from local and national advertising revenue.

The Other Press is a member of the Canadian University Press, a cooperative of almost 50 student newspapers from across Canada. We adhere to CUP's Statement of Common Principles and Code of Ethics.

The Other Press reserves the right not to publish anything sexist, racist, homophobic, or against the principles of good taste. Letters received by the Other Press should be a maximum of 300 words, typed, and contain the name, program of study, and student number of the writer (although the latter can be withheld upon request). The Other Press reserves the right to edit for space constraints. And double-check your spelling and grammar - letters are printed uncorrected. The collective is the final arbiter of disputes. PHONE - 525-3542 FAX - 527-5095

## Staff This Issue

A grand production of epic scale. We laughed, we cried, we hallucinated and snored. The smell of popcorn and glue was in the air and there was an illustrious cast of thousands. This issue starred: Angie as the production dominatrix; Tigger as her sex toy; Angus as Sisyphus and Christopher as his stunt double; Elaine as Dr. Ruth; Nadine and Smiley as Bonnie and Clyde; Brook and Dawn as forces of Nature; Marion and Sean as Gemini; Greg as the man who drew Nothingness; Byrun as Alistair Cooke and Tara as the DJ. of Radio Free O.P.; Tim as The Shadow and Mark as Sleeping Beauty; and of course as the masked man-T.J. Coming soon-we hope-to newstands near you.

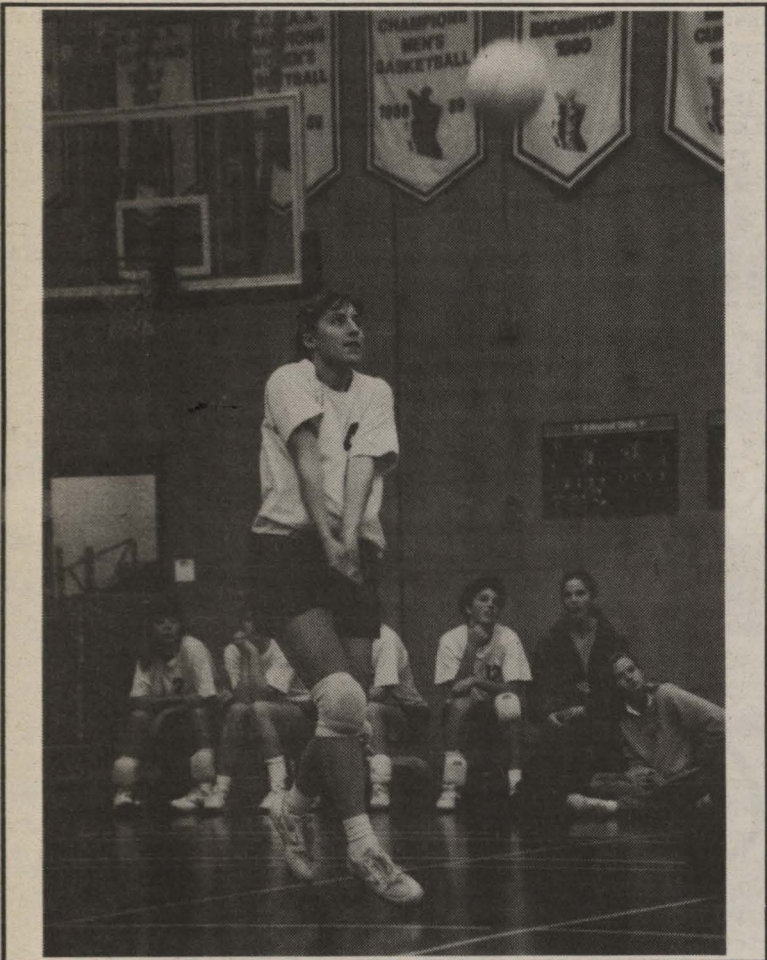
## Coordinators

N.O. One-Advertising Bryun Steadman and Tara Meiklejohn-Arts and Review Nadine Handley-Photo Greg Holtz- Graphics Elaine Leong-Sports, Angela Chiotakos-Production Brook Johnston-Poetry and Short Fiction Christopher MacLaren-Features Marion Drakos-Classifieds Gord Belec-News Mark Foster-Letters and Editorial Stephen So-Distribution Tim Crumley-Office



Other Sports

Two Out Of Three Wins Ain't Bad ...



"Hey, that's a missile! I'll catch with my arms!"

by Elaine Leong

Over a period of three weekends, Douglas' Women's Volleyball Team faced Cariboo College, and BCIT in league play and soundly beat both of them in two easy 3-0 point matches.

However, on November 13th, the Royals hosted their high-rivals Trinity Western University Spartans. The Royals won the first set 15-9. In the second set, TWU took on the lead using Douglas' poor team work to their own advantage.

Each Royal player functioned as an individual rather than as a team.

The ball constantly flew wildly about the court and the poor ball-handling stood out as the passes from the receivers did not go to the setter.

The TWU Spartans had serving problems of their own but managed to rack the score in their own favour, 13-10.

For a full rotation, Douglas only succeeded in raising their score to twelve. Denise Harder took careful service to win the 2nd set of the match for the Spartans 15-12.

Douglas jumped to an early 8-2 lead in the third set, but their ball-handling problems affected their overall performance again, TWU to

Photo by Elaine Leong

tie the score at 8-8, and went on to win 15-11.

This loss for the Royals brought on more effort but it was futile.

They lacked spirit and automatically allowed TWU to dictate the entire game to the end of the 4th set which they won 15-8.

In the written report after the game, Coach Dave Dalcanele stated that it was a losing effort.

"We didn't seem to have our heads into the game," Dalcanele explained.

Dalcanele also mentioned that they [the coaches] have problems finding a natural leader. In reference to the team's lack of communication among each other,

"It's not something they do subconsciously; it's something we've been trying to get them to do," said Dalcanele.

The loss was the first of the season for the women.

However, the following week, the women jumped back to their winning streak, trouncing BCIT in an easy 3-0 victory.

In the first set, Douglas showed up as a higher skilled team as BCIT's ball-handling mistakes helped to rack the points for Douglas.

The Royals pulled up to an 8-4

lead but lacked in technical skills and team communication needed to attain a more clean impressive victory.

Meanwhile, the lack of receiving skills for BCIT showed their inability to block or return any attacks of the Royals.

Douglas raised the score up to 14-8 and served for match point. It was underserved as it flew into the net.

Finally, they won 15-9.

Douglas came to life in the second set with better ball handling and team cohesiveness. The Royals were able to dig for the tips from BCIT's second hits.

After a time-out was called by Douglas Coach, Dave Dalcanele, the team seemed to come out even stronger in attacking.

Taking the game into their own hands they won 15-8.

The third set proved to be an incredibly easy win. Douglas demolished BCIT with 11 "kills" and 3 blocks by 3rd year standout Donna Furlani, while 2nd year Joanna Horvath contributed 9 kills and 6 blocks.

Douglas College won 15-9, 15-8 and 15-1. The record now stands at 5-1-0.

Volleyball Coaches See Red in Rival Game

by Elaine Leong

Over a period of three weekends, the Men's Volleyball Team experienced victory in three highly competitive games.

Game one on November 7th against hosts, Cariboo College Blues was an easy victory. The Royals defeated the Blues in a four set match, the first being a flat loss of 8-15, but jumped back into the spirit of things in beating their opponent in the remaining sets (15-12, 15-12, 15-13).

Then on the 20th, they defeated BCIT in a 3-0 point match.

On Friday the Thirteenth, while hosting the Trinity Western University Spartans, the defending BCCAA (British Columbia College Athletic Association) Champions, some tough competition came up for both teams as the two teams have always been big rivals.

In the first set, the Royals took service to start the game. Through the slow start, both teams reached their second service round with a score of 3-1 for Douglas.

Unfortunately, at this point the lack of serving skill for Douglas became evident as each serve by each member was overserved, underserved or lacked of good aim.

The Spartans took advantage of the Royals' weakness and upped the score in their own favour to 5-4 by the end of the second service round.

Both teams struggled to increase the score but had no success in widening the gap by more than two points. The running score went up to 15-14 for Douglas.

Finally, upon reaching the sixth service round in the thirtieth minute, Paul Chu served for the game point, as TWU was unable to return the serve due to clumsy ball-handling.

Following the first set, Douglas and TWU both took the game to hell in an even longer time-span.

In the second set, players began jeering at each other through the net, bringing more emotion into the game than necessary. It was at this time that #11 Chris Engbers of TWU was assessed with a yellow card by the First Referee.

For each following kill, points

began to rack up however, and again Douglas lacked serving skill losing a lot of chances in the set that would have allowed them to the game earlier.

At the end of fourth service round, Team Captain Adam Faris took special care in putting the ball over the net into TWU's court. TWU, again, lost the set to clumsy ball-handling.

**...leaving a long slug trail of sweat for the umpire to wipe up...**

In the third set, TWU took the first set loss with no ill-regard. In seventeen short minutes, TWU took service away from Douglas and quickly gained points from the mistakes of the Royals, which included lack of good ball-handling, lack of serving skill and several net calls.

Also in this set, Faris of the Royals was assessed with a yellow card, as well, for constantly badgering the First Referee.

The fourth set followed the example of the rest of the match as the competition was stiff between the two rival teams.

TWU took service first and again, Douglas had no problem in taking the serve away only to lose it again to poor serving skill.

The score remained a 0-0 tie and no-one took any points until the end of the first rotation where TWU lead 4-1.

The heat in the gym shot through the roof when more "lifting" calls were made targeting the poor ball-handling of Chu from Douglas and various players of TWU.

The players became more aggressive in all their moves.

Competition was fierce as both the Royals and the Spartans played as if the entire match was a matter of life and death. The players had no hesitation in trying to save the ball even when the ball flew to the scorers' table, even if it meant diving and sliding twenty feet across the floor leaving a long slug trail of sweat for the umpire to wipe up with a towel.

The game was stopped several times between the sets to wipe up the slug trails but this delay of game gave time to each player in the gym to get psyched up for the following rally.

Fireworks exploded as both coaches began yelling at the officials to "call it both ways". The score was a 10-10 tie.

At this point, Royal Coach Brian Newman yelled out "Bullshit!" at the referee's call and

was immediately assessed with a red card for "Rude Conduct" to adjust the score to an 11-10 lead for the Spartans.

In the next service round, the Spartans seemed to have taken Douglas' weakness in poor service. The score stayed the same as each serve for the Spartans was overserved or underserved.

The Royals turned the game around to bring their score up to a 14-11 lead.

The Spartans had a screening call made against them for taking positions to block the Royals' visibility of the service.

At this point, Spartan Coach Ron Pike got heated up and shouted angry words at the referee on the stand. The referee took no hesitation in warning him.

Pike did not heed this warning and was assessed with a red card for

"Rude Conduct" which adjusted the score to a 15-11 win for the Royals.

It was a 3-1 point victory for Douglas over high-rivals of TWU. TWU might have had a chance in winning but unfortunately for the team, their coach decided to scream and yell at the time of the match point.

Overall in this four set match, Douglas managed to overcome their "very poor serving performance, as they missed an unheard of amount of 39 serves" according to the statistics.

"There were a few missed serves and technical things we have to work on," says Coach Brian Newman. "But we're in good shape for the next three games."

The record for the Douglas Royals stand at 6-0-0 as the only undefeated team in the BCCAA League.

Action Was Not Restricted to Hollywood Gym Courts

The action was not restricted to the Hollywood Gym courts for the Douglas Royals and the Mt. Royal Cougars after the Halloween Classic Tournament.

After the tournament, according to Hogan, five players were leaving the Splashes Cabaret of Kelowna (approximately 2am) when they were violently attacked by the entire DC Team.

When I asked Hogan to comment about the fight he said, "There was no incident," and then briskly walked away.

However, Beauchamp—head coach for the DC basketball team—noted that two DC players who were just socializing in the cabaret noticed six Mount Royal players looking for Vern Knopp. Fearing for the safety of Knopp, the two DC players proceeded to get the rest of the team together and waited outside of Splashes Cabaret.

The DC team knew Pierce from when he played at Malaspina College in B.C. for three years—where the ill feelings originated between Pierce and Knopp.

When Pierce exited the cabaret the fight commenced, Beauchamp

said.

Five of the Mt. Royal students were taken in for questioning by the RCMP. Dave Fry (#13), Laurence McMaster (#4), Greg Pierce (#14), Michael Watts (#21) and Shay Yellowhorn (#6) were the five in question.

According to the RCMP there were no charges to be laid against any of the players—although Pierce and Fry were taken down to the station to be questioned; Watts and Yellowhorn were also taken down but for safety reasons only.

Graham Burke, manager of the Splashes Cabaret, said no charges are going to be laid by the Cabaret.

When Yellowhorn was asked to comment he said he was unable to say anything because Hogan told them not to talk to anybody about the incident.

The MR players, couldn't understand why they were attacked by the DC team.

Pierce said, according to Hogan's memo, he saw a couple of Douglas players during the evening but without any indication of what was to follow.

"Our players and myself are not

innocent little angels, however, it is my opinion that the DC men's basketball team brutally attacked four of our players in a cowardly, unjust and violent manner," Hogan wrote.

Bohonus' felt he couldn't give an accurate answer as to what occurred.

"You have two points of view, which is the right one, I don't know... I asked Betty Hayes (the Athletic Director for Douglas College) to investigate and supplied her with Mark's letter [to me] and an accurate account of the affair."

Bohonus thought he was giving an accurate account of the incident but what he received from DC's investigation was not what he was told happened.

"The information that we got back basically disputed anything that was said by Mark," Bohonus cannot guarantee that this kind of incident will never happen again but he said that measures have been taken to inform the team that it wasn't acceptable behaviour for players to do when representing their team and school.

"The incident doesn't speak well for our program."



## Other Sports

## Truly Outstanding For Douglas....

by Elaine Leong

Members of the Douglas College's Women Soccer Team were ecstatic, on the provincial playoff weekend of Nov. 6th and 7th, to learn that two of their players had been selected for provincial honors.

Jenn Boone, one of the Royal forwards, was chosen to be a member of the All-Star Team. The top eleven soccer players in the province are chosen for this honor.

These recipients are selected by the coaches of participating teams.

Boone was proud to learn of her standing after reading the soccer provincial program.

"Yeah, I feel really happy. I mean, I'm just one of the many players," she said. "I thought it would have been someone else."

"I just wish that they would make this a little more official, maybe someone sending me a letter in the mail rather than someone reading the program and telling me about it."

Boone made reference to her past soccer experience in a recent interview with Other Press Sports Coordinator, Elaine Leong.

"I've been playing since I was five years old," Boone said.

Throughout high school Boone participated in the Metro Team League as well as her high school team. Boone also volunteers to coach for her former highschool and she's

considering officiating, as well (maybe).

"I feel like giving something back to my school after everything my coaches have done for me. I also play for a ladies team," Boone stated.

Boone felt positive with this year's team.

"Well, we really connected this year," Boone stated, "I really, strongly, mean it."

This is Boone's last year at Douglas. She feels sad about having to leave Douglas. "I plan on going to UBC next year. I just wish that we didn't have to lose players each year."

Meanwhile, fellow Royal player Paula Artsuo had earned the title of "Best Defender" in the British Columbia College Athletic Association (BCCAA).

Artsuo was proud of her honour, as well.

"Awesome! It feels really good!" Artsuo exclaimed in response. "I wasn't expecting anything like this at all."

Referring to her soccer-life, Artsuo stated that she has been playing since the age of seven in a soccer club.

"There was no soccer team at my high school, Notre Dame," Artsuo explained. "So I've always been playing in the club with the women."

Artsuo felt that it was a great

season overall.

"I really enjoyed it and I was glad to have gotten to know everyone on the team."

Both women felt great to have played for Douglas.

"I'd like to thank the coaches from Kurt to Gareth to Dan," Boone concluded. "Each coach had a unique style of coaching and all were effective. Everyone one of them had something to offer."

"Yeah," Artsuo agreed. "Dan's a good guy. So is Barry and John. They all made a difference for the team. They had faith in us and was always rooting us on."

Artsuo and Boone's views over the entire season were optimistic. They felt that their soccer team played well with no "loose ends". Everyone learned to work together and whatever someone lacked in skill, it would be made up for by other members.

Despite losing the second provincial playoff game against Malasapina, both also felt that it proved their consensus.

Bonne commented, "We came out ready to kill. I mean, we put out 105 percent effort and that totally showed off the practice."

Boone and Artsuo agreed that the Royals dominated the whole game. Both felt the Royals had won the game, though the score and records didn't show it.

For the remainder of the year, the women will be playing exhibition games before beginning the next season.

It's an honor for Douglas

College's Athletic Department to have two such talented young women play for the team. Congratulations, ladies!

## SPORTS THANG



## Volleyball

December 5, 5pm and 7pm  
Women vs. Okanagan  
Men vs. Okanagan

Okanagan  
Okanagan



## Basketball

December 4, 6pm and 8pm  
Women vs. Australia  
Men vs. Australia

\*Home  
\*Home

December 5, 6pm and 8pm  
Women vs. Cariboo College  
Men vs. Cariboo College

Cariboo  
Cariboo

December 11, 8pm  
Men vs. Skagit

Skagit Valley



## Rugby

December 5, 12:30pm  
Men vs. BCIT

BCIT

December 12, TBA  
Men vs. UVic

UVic

\*Home games for volleyball and basketball will be held in Douglas Gymnasium

## Volleyball Coaches See Red In Heated Game

by Elaine Leong (the Other Press) and Jesse Arndt (the Reflector)

Douglas College's Men Basketball Team played their first tournament of the season in the Halloween Classic Invitational Tournament held in the Hollywood Gym. Douglas started off against a local men's league team, "Sergeant O' Flaherty's". Both teams were challenged, but the Royals took the game in a 92-88 win.

This win put the Royals in the Championship round of the tournament. Next they would confront the Mount Royal College Cougars of Calgary.

The Cougars were unable to

block any jumpshots from Douglas College, who were playing a rough and physical game. Literally beating the opponents by a wide margin in the first half with an early 40-15 lead.

With ten minutes left to go in the first half, the first fight of the game began. The headcoach of Mt. Royal, Mark Hogan, received two technical fouls. He tried to inspire his team by baiting the officials. He also came out of the "coach's box" to scream at the members sitting on the DC bench. On the memorandum from Hogan to Al Bohonus, Athletics Coordinator at the Kelowna Tournament, he stated that, "I ventured out on the court to discuss my perception with the DC

coach. ". The two technical fouls resulted in the Royals getting four free throws.

By half-time, Douglas led with a commanding 70-48 lead.

In the second half, Douglas continued their full court press; running the floor on fast breaks and easy baskets; that upped the score tremendously. Coach Steve Beauchamp noted that, "I noticed that if we only put half-court pressure then Mt. Royal was a threat," he further commented, "however once we put on full court pressure, our guys made a lot of easy baskets and turnovers."

The frustration began to show as Michael Watts, # 21, of the Mt.

Royal players, swung a fist at Justin Padvaikos of the DC Royals. Watts was immediately ejected from the game. Hogan and Head Coach of Douglas, Steve Beauchamp, stood up and argued the result of the officials' decision. The verbal disagreement cost both the coaches a technical foul.

This technical foul was Hogan's third "T" and he was ejected immediately.

Bob Shranks, one of the game officials stated in the written report that Coach Hogan did very little to control his player's decorum both on the floor and bench "showing unsportsmanlike attitude towards officials and [ the ] opposition."

Dave Marshel, the other gameofficial agreed with Shranks report and added that he was surprised to hear that the contrary was how Hogan viewed the game. "If you look at the technical foul, you can see who the aggressor was," stated Dave Marshel in the report.

Four more free-throws were awarded to Douglas as a result of the two flagrant technical fouls. Two free-throws were awarded to the Mt. Royals as a result of Beauchamp's technical foul.

After the scramble was sorted out, the game reverted back to basketball. However, the teams became "chippy" as the baiting continued.

Another incident, similar to the two previous ones, flared up as Erin Furner, # 15 of the Cougars, intentionally took hold of his opponent and threw him to the floor. He was ejected from the game for a flagrant intentional foul of "gross unsportsmanlike contact action".

The atmosphere in the gym was not pleasant as the ill feelings and jeering continued.

Overall, Douglas coasted to an easy 127-84 victory.

This second victory placed Douglas in the final match for the tournament championship against Medicine Hat. By displaying their best defensive effort, the Royals jumped to a 31-13 lead and never looked back. Medicine Hat pulled up within nine points of the Royals' score but, the marginal gap didn't stay that way for long.

"Bench strength and conditioning was what we needed, and had, to win this final game," Beauchamp added. Douglas won 89-71

## Stats noted by the team:

Tory Greenridge (3rd game) 15pts, 6 rebounds  
Phil Pemberton (2nd game) 19pts, 7 rebounds  
James Chen-guard (2nd game) 10 assists  
Onkar Hayre-guard (3rd game) 15 assists

\*six players hit double figures in score against Mt. Royal College

Chad Caldwell Tournament All-Star  
(1st game) 19pts, 11 rebounds  
(3rd game) 15pts, 5 rebounds  
Vern Knopp Tournament MVP  
(1st game) 19pts  
(3rd game) 22pts, 10 rebounds

The standings in the Halloween Classic are as follows:

1st- Douglas Royals  
2nd- Medicine Hat  
3rd- Okanagan College  
4th- Mount Royal College  
5th- Cariboo and Sergeant O'Flaherty's

Douglas won the Annual Halloween Classic to become tournament champions at Hollywood Gymnasium.

## B.C.C.A.A. Champions Golf 1992



Congratulations to :

Back row: Gert Van Niekerk (coach), Brendon Sheradon, Robert Ruff, Robert Hewstan, Bryn Parry  
Front row: Steve Haldane, Neil Dodson, Kris Yardley, Betty-Lou Hayes (Athletic Director)